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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
1219 Spruce Street

June 4, 1888

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Mother:

Have just received Father's letter enclosing several others. I do not see how I missed getting the one at the office for I inquired every two or three days. However, it is all right now.

I wrote you last Wednesday, I believe. Thursday morning I started to take a survey of Fairmount Park. Went up 9th St. for a car and seeing the Mercantile Library across the street, stepped in to take a look at it. Was walking around when it occurred to me to look for Burke's Heraldry, a book in which Will [his oldest brother] told me I could find something bearing on the Moffett family history. I found a whole alcove devoted to books on Heraldry, Peerages, Baronetcies, etc. In consequence I spent all Thursday morning searching for material for My History of the family. Did not find a great deal, though I feel rewarded for I did discover some references to Moffetts' chief of which is this from Burke's General Armory. "Moffat of That Ilk, Annandale; a very ancient border family, influential and powerful so far back as the time of Wallace, and conspicuous for the deadly feud which existed between them & the Johnstones; De Moffat was Bishop of Glasgow early in the 12th century, and the armorial bearings of all the different branches seem to indicate connection with the church." Then follows a description of the armor, etc. in technical terms. Another from [the] same place gives "Moffat - Lander Co[unty], Berwick. Motto "Spero Meliora".

So much learned here. Now for Hagerstown & Baltimore. That was Friday morning instead of Thursday. It was Thursday I wrote you. Friday afternoon Jesse Wilson (a McC[ormick] Middler) & Mrs. Whilldin with whom he is staying, took me with them up the Delaware River 20 miles to Bristol and return. It was a beautiful ride and gave me an opportunity to see something of Phila's suburbs and the Penn. & N.J. villages. There is a truly marked contrast between this & the West. People here do every thing so quietly, no fuss, no bustle and stir. Even the deck-hands are quiet. The towns along the river are decidedly slow but the river is beautiful. I expected to find more hills along the river but it is quite level.

When Father, Tom & I reach Philadelphia I think it will be well for us to go down the river by boat to Cape May - giving us 2 or 3 hours there. Round trip \$1.00. Then when we leave for N.Y. we can go up by boat to Trenton for 40¢ and from there by train to Princeton. That will give us a beautiful ride, an opportunity to see more of country and customs and will cost us less than the train, though taking a little longer time.

Friday night I went to Chambers Presbyterian Ch[urch] Prayer Meeting - Dr. Hoyt. Saturday morning I went to Laurel Hill Cemetery & East Fairmount Park. Had a pretty long walk but enjoyed it very much. The cemetery is beautifully located on bluffs of the Schuylkill. Expect to see West Park this week. Saturday afternoon by way of variety Wilson & I went to base ball match between Phila & Chicago. Chicagos were defeated.

Yesterday I saw & heard a great deal. In the morning attended Dr. Dickey's S[unday] S[chool] & Church. Sunday School rather small and lifeless. Sermon on Rom. 8:29-30, "The

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Absolute Security of Believers". It was a sermon for Communion service.

In the afternoon I went over to the Tabernacle Church (Dr. McCook's). They have afternoon service, just after Sunday School. I attended both. Went into Young Men's Bible Class and had a Seoteman for teacher. Dr. McCook preached on "We are more than Conquerors through him that loved us". It seemed to me to be composed of a great deal of scattered shot. The Church is a very large one - well arranged but not very beautiful in the interior. So far I think Chicago is ahead both as to churches & preachers.

At night I went to First Baptist Church to hear Dr. Boardman, a step-son of Adoniram Judson, the great missionary. Was disappointed for he has gone to Europe and I heard Dr. Weston of Crozer Theol. Seminary.

Was interrupted yesterday morning while writing this by hearing the fire engines, etc. just outside my window. Went out expecting to see a fire but there was none. Afterwards I went with Wilson to the Mint and then to Ministers' meeting. Didn't see or learn much at either place. In the afternoon I called upon Dr. Baker in reference to City Missions and found out what I had previously discovered - that Philadelphia differs from all other large cities in that it has so many homes & comparatively so few foreigners that mission work as conducted in Chicago, New York, etc. is unknown here. They have no mission stations. They establish churches with settled pastors. Afterwards Wilson & I spent the afternoon in the Academy of Natural Sciences and visited the Roman Cath. Cathedral.

At night we heard Bishop Taylor of Africa in the Grace M[ethodist] E[piscopal] Church. ✓  
He it is who is establishing the self-supporting Missions in Africa. I venture to say that by next Saturday I will know a great deal about Phila. Am seeing both sides of life. Some parts are filthy & foul, others beautiful. Am surprised at a good many things and very much pleased with others. Will write you when I finish my survey of the city, what I think of it.

This morning we go to Residence portion of West Phila[delphia].

Lovingly,

Sam  
1219 Spruce St. [Philadelphia]

(Original in the collection of Alice Moffett Starkey, daughter of Charles Hull Moffett. Alice was the first grandchild of Samuel Austin Moffett and the only one he lived to baptize. Photo-copy in the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Hagerstown, Maryland

June 9, 1888

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Mother:

We are on classic ground. We now tread where our forefathers trod. The streets which once echoed the sounds of our fathers' voices now resound with the words and laughter of the present generation of Moffetts. How familiar the names - Hunenichons. Updegraff, Funkhouser, Swartz, Werner, etc., etc.

I reached this spot at 2:40. Repaired to the Hamilton Hotel and obtained Rooms 16 & 18 - connected, and then walked through the town until 4:05 when I met Father & Tom at station. We walked for an hour before supper and saw the house of Grandpa Moffett - the house of the Shumans, the old Market house where Pa used to play ball and the church where he was baptized - the pew he sat in - the "same old bench he polished with his little brecches", etc., etc. ✓

We visited the church-yard and saw the graves of Grandpa Moffett and of Father's sister, Mary Jane. We then returned to the hotel and have just finished supper.

I fill up the blank pages that I may send both letters. That's the kind of course writing I like. I can read such writing with solid comfort. My eyes are beginning to feel the effect of so much reading & writing.

We go out for another walk and tomorrow shall go to the same old church (tho it is no longer a Presbyterian church - a Baptist, I believe). Monday will begin the search for historical facts. ✓

Father is enjoying this hugely and I am quite sure Tom & I are, tho not to the same extent. Don't know what our plans are.

Lovingly,

Sam

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Steamer Galic

October 19, 1888

Mary Eugenie Hayden

Dear Sister;

I have written to Ma asking her to send my letter to you, as a second letter would only be a repetition. Have had a very pleasant voyage. Will probably be aboard only three more days. It will be three weeks tomorrow since we left San Francisco. I arrived there the Friday morn after you left me. Was so bewildered and had so much to do that I failed to get more than two letters written before we left the hotel. I had to go around and make the acquaintance of the rest of the party, which with the reception at the church took all the p.m. The next morning was short, as I slept late to make up for lost time, and we left the hotel at one p.m. Found time, however, to write home and to Mrs. Park as she requested. One of the gentlemen bought my chair for me. The price was \$3.50. Is [a] cane seat. Will be very nice and comfortable in my room.

We are all eager for the first glimpse of land. Think I will have to wait only a day or two in Yokohama and will have pleasant company, as a large party go on with me to Shanghai.

The "ship doctor" who eats at our table is worse than that wretch we met on the train, but goes at it in a different way. Don't [sic] get me so completely bewildered as did he. Perhaps I have become wiser also, in that I don't attempt a reply to any one who makes statements that he don't [sic] believe himself.

We had a most lovely sunset last evening. Just as it was sinking into the waters the moon rose. The evening was one of the most pleasant we have had. After dinner I went up on deck and remained till ten. Dr. Powers had his bandjo [sic] - am doubtful about that "d" [in bandjo] - and played some of the old songs such as "Down Upon the Swanee Ribber", which Dr. Paddock, who has a very melodious voice, sang. The sea was very calm, and the beauty of the moonlit waters together with the intense stillness, broken only by the light heaving of the waves on the strains of music, wakened very pleasant sensations. Now, don't think I am growing sentimental, for really I am not. Am so far from it that my roommates call me the Puritan. By the way, have discovered that I am possessed of a power of which I had never dreamed, and had I lived in the days of the Pilgrim fathers perhaps my lot would have been death at the stake. One of the girls has been very sick. After she became convalescent I began combing her hair one morning when I saw so great a change come over her that I was alarmed. Before I began she was bright and cheerful, to our great encouragement. She soon grew languid, however, and before I had finished, appeared to be almost unconscious of what was going on. The Dr. came in just then. In trying to talk with him she used signs as she had been accustomed in teaching the deaf. He succeeded in arousing her, and when she was wholly herself again she turned to me laughing and said, "You are the responsible party for my ridiculous behavior. The magnetism from your fingers goes to my very toes." So the next night when she was restless I attempted to put her asleep. The magnetism, however, was so strong that it was painful to her. Of course it is the nervous condition that makes her so sensitive to it.

Am anxious to hear how snugly you have got to housekeeping in your own home. A visit to that mountain home of yours is one of my dreams for the future. Am glad Zella has a prospect

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of going out next summer, though if the children don't worry Ma too much I wish very much they might stay longer than one year. Those few minutes spent with brother Spence were very pleasant ones, indeed. I wished more than ever that the rest of the family might know him.

Am ever so eager to get settled again. It was four weeks last Thursday since I started, and must be "on the move" for at least two weeks longer. Can scarcely realize how it will seem to be down in a motionless bed again.

Sat., 20<sup>th</sup>. We expect to reach land tomorrow evening, so will finish my letters today. The sea is beautifully calm, and every one is looking forward eagerly to the hour in which they may again set foot on dry land. A flying fish lighted on the deck last evening, and this morning a whale appeared above the water. I want to get some little curiosities in Yokohama for the children. A lady on board who has been to Japan before says very pretty little things which could easily be sent by mail can be bought for a few cents. If it were not so expensive I would send a telegram home upon my arrival. The cost of a message is about \$18.

Just at this point of my letter writing a school of porpoises was discovered and all laid aside their various occupations to watch them. They were playing, and would jump quite out of the water. We're so far off, however, that I couldn't tell just what they looked like. The passengers are to have a farewell concert tonight. It will be the fifth, I believe, that they have had since we first came aboard.

I must gather up my scattered books, etc., and have my steamer trunk all ready before tonight, as tomorrow will be Sunday.

Hope you and brother Spence will be as good to write to me as you were while I was at school. Your letters were a great comfort then and I will need them ever so much more now.

Guess my next letter will be from Seoul.

Lovingly,

Mary

(from letter of Mary Heydon [later Gifford] to her sister, the original of which is held in the archives of Park University, Parkville, Missouri. Photo-copy is in the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers, Princeton Theological Seminary archives)

Tsuruga Maru

November 8, 1888

Mary Eugenie Hayden

Dear Sister Nellie:

Am aboard the third and last steamer. We were at Nagasaki from Saturday night till Wednesday p.m. Mailed a letter to Zella from that place. It is seven weeks today since I left home. A long time to go without one word but I hope the waiting is almost over. We expect to reach Chemulpo [Inchon] tomorrow a.m. From there we go in chairs to Seoul, about twenty miles. Don't know whether we will have time to make the trip tomorrow or whether we will remain all night at Chemulpo. But how glad I will be to get settled! My greatest dread is, naturally, the having to make the acquaintance of the whole circle except Mr. and Mrs. [Homer] Hulbert, with whom I have traveled from Yokohama. However, am not going to let that trouble me.

Had a delightful time at Nagasaki. Mrs. Davison, who entertained us, is an unusually pleasant woman. She makes a point of watching the ships for missionaries, as they often are delayed here, and of taking them ashore for a little rest. She is the wife of a Methodist missionary who holds the position over the whole island on which Nagasaki is the principal city that the ruling elder occupies at home. Is from home much of the time and suffers very great exposure. Has a delightful home, however, with every comfort of civilized countries. Four of our party were going on to Shanghai in the *Yokohama Maru* so thus just came ashore for services and dinner. Resumed their journey the same evening.

Monday morning I was proof reading and writing, stopping occasionally to take a look at the city and bay of which we had a most beautiful view from the upper veranda, as Mrs. Davison's residence is high up on the hill side. The bay seems almost shut in by mountains, those outside the city, many of them, cultivate to the top. The scenery is exceedingly picturesque. Nagasaki is said to be the most beautiful place in Japan, which is saying a good deal. In the afternoon we went out shopping - Mrs. Hulbert doing the shopping and the rest of us enjoying the novelty of the exhibitions in the bazaars. I did indulge in a little light stationery, as you observe. There is a great temptation to spend money at these places where there are so many beautiful things to be had so cheaply. [I] think when I go home I shall indulge quite freely. I thought of Flavia especially when we were in the Japanese tableware establishment. The folks at home might consider the missionary families extravagant - should they see what beautiful looking tables they set, - not considering how reasonably they get nice dishes here. Monday evening we had callers, some of the teachers from the boys' and girls' schools. Mrs. Davison has a piano and as Mrs. H[ulbert] is an excellent musician, she was able to add much to the enjoyment of the evening. Tuesday a.m. we again went shopping. I bought me a toilet set as Mr. H[ulbert] said he was positive that would not be sent from W.G. Could have gotten a beautiful one for \$4, but didn't feel that I could give that when I could get one that would do just as well for \$2.50. The one I selected is blue and white - not very pretty. It includes pitcher, wash bowl, mug, soap and toothbrush dishes and chamber. They packed it carefully and think I will have no trouble in getting it to Seoul without breaking. When we came aboard I had it brought into my stateroom, thinking it safer there than in the hold. Mrs. Davison told me she would do my purchasing for the furnishing of my room when I find out what I want. Anything in that line can be had here - and being only a few days' journey from Seoul it will be most convenient. When I speak of anything costing so many dollars you must bear in mind that our dollars, or yens, are equivalent to 75¢ of our home money.

Tuesday, p.m. Frankie D., about Ella's age, and a most lovely little Christian, went with me to the girls' school. It was opened seven years since with only one girl. They now have 100. About one hundred of these are paying their own way. They have a large pleasant house beautifully situated and



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employ several native teachers. Only about four weeks since Miss Bing, who had fitted herself especially for the place, came out to take the music department. [She] is a most excellent performer. Mrs. D. had been giving Frankie lessons for some time, and she really played difficult music admirably. But when Miss Bing came, Mrs. D. turned Frankie over to her, and to her astonishment she informed her that she would be obliged to keep her on the finger exercises for two months, letting her practice nothing else whatever. The position of her hands was faulty and the strength of some of the fingers not properly developed. I hope Ella can practice on the piano when you get to the city and that she can have the best of teachers. We were invited to dine with the teachers that evening, which we did. Miss Russell has been there longer than any of the others. I believe she was the founder of the school. Has the cutest little Japanese girl about three years of age. She took her when only three days old. Every three weeks the missionaries of this place meet socially. They have a program, literary and musical. Sunday evening was the time for their meeting and as it was election day at home, the program took that tone. Five reasons for favoring the election of each of the three candidates and five why women should have a voice in the election were required of four different parties. The answer at roll call was to be given by starting on what side we should vote. Although our party were strangers our names were called with the rest. I say strangers, but hardly justly, for Mr. Hulbert was well acquainted with the circle and they were so sociable that after three days with them Mrs. Hulbert and I could hardly feel that we were strangers. True to the W.C.T.U. I voted for Fisk and was applauded. Some were "independents", one "mugwump" [slang term in U.S. political history for a Republican who deserted his party to vote for the Democrat, Cleveland]. Some for Harrison, none for Cleveland, and among those that took a definite stand, the majority were prohibitionists. Cleveland's side had to be maintained by a Republican, as there was not a Democrat among the missionaries. So far as I discovered, the same was true at Yokohama. Though the speeches were almost impromptu, they were excellent. The one by Miss Russell giving five reasons for woman's suffrage [sic] brought down the house. She is an old maid of perhaps forty-five and witty enough. She "didn't expect the brethren to be able to comprehend the first four reasons" till the women had demonstrated their validity, but the fifth certainly came within the range of their comprehensive powers, the reason given by editors, public speakers, men of reason generally, "cause why". We had some excellent music during the evening by Miss Bing and Mrs. Hulbert.

The next day we were aboard at eleven o'clock. The sampan riding from steamer to shore is getting to be an old story. Haven't been in a harbor since leaving San Francisco in which we could sail up to the wharf. The sampans are light little boats rowed often by only one man. Sometimes they have little cabins. As soon as a vessel stops at a port it is surrounded by these in a very short time. The scenery for some distance out from Nagasaki is much as I have imagined that of the Rhine to be. The straight [sic] is quite narrow and the hills come down to the water's edge. At one place in a most romantic nook we discovered a picturesque ascent from the water's edge to a small temple or shrine almost hidden among the trees. As we passed, a boat was moored in the cozy little nook and another was approaching. At another beautiful spot was .....[letter incomplete]

(from letter of Mary Heydon [later Gifford] to her sister, the original of which is held in the archives of Park University, Parkville, Missouri. Photo-copy is in the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers, Princeton Theological Seminary archives)

Seoul, Korea

November 25, 1888

Mary Eugenie Hayden

Dear Sister,

Am writing with my lead pencil because just now there is nothing I can do to advantage and my pen is not at hand. Was feeling a little discouraged this evening because I seem to accomplish so little; but things will come out all right. Just awhile ago was in my room trying to write to Mrs. McAfee [Rev. Dr. John A. McAfee was one of the founders & first president of Park College, from which Mary Hayden graduated]. Have no fire there yet, though they will have a stove up in a few days. As I was writing, Mrs. [Annie Ellers] Bunker came in and insisted on my joining them in the sitting room declaring it too cold to remain there. As I came into the room, [I] made some remark to the effect that I was not suffering, upon which Mr. Bunker replied, "That is not the question. We need you here." It was ever so kind of him to speak so just at that time.

My study is about ready for me. The yard around the house is full of fruit trees which makes the place seem quite retired. The English sparrows are very numerous here: also magpies and ravens.

I have an invitation to Mrs. Scranton's, one of the Methodist missionaries, for Thanksgiving dinner [Nov. 29<sup>th</sup>]. It has been the custom for two years for all the Americans to go to Thanksgiving dinner together, but now their number is so large that no dining room in Seoul will accommodate them, so they are divided into two parties, one at Mrs. Scranton's, the other at Miss Merrill's, the sister of one of the Commissioners of Customs.

November 26<sup>th</sup>

Received my first mail today. A letter from Ana, one from Florence, and one from Dr. Hepburn with whom I stopped in Yokohama. You can hardly guess what a treat they were to me. Have been from home more than nine weeks without one word till the receipt of these letters. Was up in my study a three minutes' walk from Mrs. Bunkers. We knew the mail would be in some time during the day as the steamer had arrived at Chemulpo yesterday, so before I left Mrs. B. said that if any mail came for me she would send it up. I go to my study about nine a.m. and remain till almost one p.m. My teacher goes there to give me my lesson, after which I spend a while with the girls. Was hearing Chongee's lesson when the gate man brought the letters. The mails come about every two weeks. However, the steamers sail from San Francisco every ten days. Mail day is a high day here.

Am ashamed of my letters which are so often written at odd moments and so are very disconnected. Hope to do better when settled. Please send to Florence, and will ask her to forward to Flavia.

Lovingly,  
Mary

(from letter of Mary Heydon [later Gifford] to her sister, the original of which is held in the archives of Park University, Parkville, Missouri. Photo-copy is in the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers, Princeton Theological Seminary archives)



Seoul, Korea

December 21, 1888

Mary Eugenie Hayden

Dear Sister:

It is very near Christmas and you are no doubt busy with preparations for that day. Mrs. B[unker]. has been getting together things for different members of the circle for some time. She makes a great many presents. I hope I can find something at some of the stores she would like. This p.m. helped her with a bag for skates which she is making for Mr. Le Ang, a member of the Chinese legation. But as I shall not mail this letter till after Christmas will take up that subject later.

Went to prayer meeting last evening as usual on Thursday evenings. One of the newcomers led. The meeting was unusually interesting. Mr. Underwood's theological class is now organized and I am to play twice a week, one hour in the p.m. The men practice now by note, sometimes making repeated efforts before they can strike a certain tone. One redeeming feature is that they are willing to try. Got in a good day's study yesterday. Seven hours. Spent two hours in writing the interrogative forms of about thirty-six verbs. Each has six forms. Write them in the Korean characters, of which I will send you a sample. Can make myself understood just a little. As neither my teacher, the two little girls I have charge of, the gatekeeper nor the old woman who has the oversight of all, understand English, I am compelled to plunge right into the Korean. Signs and motions go a long way, however, but won't always answer.

I give the man a certain amount of wood every evening for the fire under my floor [Korean houses are heated by a system of flues carrying heat under the floor]. One good fire keeps the room warm all day. I am sure he uses some of it for his own fire, however. An honest Korean is an exception, as well as a truthful one. It is very trying to feel that one must watch those they want to trust. He builds the fire at 8:30 a.m. I go up at nine or a little later. My girls are doing nicely so far.

I had a long hard walk today with Mrs. [George Heber] Jones [Methodist missionary wife]. We went to the top of Nam San [South Mountain], a mountain partly within the city walls. It is much the shape of Pilot Knob but higher and more deeply cut by ravines. Is not so rocky, but in some places is very steep. The city wall runs up two sides and takes in the summit. It is covered with pine timber and has no underbrush, so that the walks are very pleasant. As we were enjoying it today [I] told Mrs. Jones I wished I could describe the scenery to you so vividly that you could just see it. It was late in the p.m. and the clouds were bright with rays of the setting sun while the mountain peaks, rising one above another till in the distance their outlines were hardly visible, were veiled in the peculiar Indian summer haze. Just at the foot of the mountain lay the city which looked much better at that distance than closer. Even at that height we could hear the hum of voices from below. Off beyond the wall in the valley immediately surrounding, and through the gaps between the mountains we could see the winding Han Kang [Han River]. Have never seen anything so picturesque as these mountains. Nam San is the only one that is timbered. The others are perfectly bare, but don't look bleak in the least. Their outlines are angular, while owing to the many ravines, the light and shadows of their slopes mingle most harmoniously. I often find myself looking off at the mountains as soon as I step outside the gate at Mrs. B[unker]'s, as there is nothing pleasant nearer. One can't look up much, however, as his attention is needed as to his footsteps. The top of Nam San is a small, very small, table land - the most delightful place for a home were it not for the ascent. Here were a few enormous trees growing much like the elm. Don't know what they were. No stones; no underbrush; but a beautiful grass plot. On this height are five stone altars on four of which fires are lighted every night. These four are a signal that all is well. The fifth is a signal of danger. These signals are repeated on the different mountain peaks for the distance of four hundred miles. The altars are built of stones and the ashes of last night's fires were still fresh when we looked in. The only buildings on the summit were the houses of the man who has charge of the fires, and a sooth-sayer who has a kind of chapel, quite an artistic affair for Korea. She gave us permission to enter. The room was about ten by sixteen. A mat was on the floor while the walls were covered with rude pictures, attempts at paintings. On a shelf extending across one side of the room were clusters of what in the dim light looked to me like paper flowers. The room was faultlessly clean. This is in the estimation of the Koreans the height of grandure [sic].

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The house, or dwelling place of the sorceress or soothsayer is just a few steps from this building. The view is so magnificent and the pine grove, level ground and grass plot make it such a nice place for a house, it seems a pity that no one else should enjoy it. It was dark when we reached home having been almost three hours making the trip. This is the fourth walk I have taken with Mrs. Jones, so that at this rate we will "do" Seoul and the vicinity before many months. Last Wednesday we went outside the city wall. Mr. Bunker laughs and says "Look here, sister, you will wear out all your shoes if you don't stop this walking." The next minute he says seriously, "Walk, Miss Hayden, just as much as you can." I know which he means. He tries hard to be provoking when he can do it without hurting one's feelings. This evening after supper I won every one of the three games at dominoes, and to get his revenge in some way he would remark, when ever occasion afforded, upon the effect of Nam San breezes.

The mail came in this morning, but in the package was nothing for me. But this p.m. a letter from Ma and Flavia's picture were brought me having been sent over to Dr. Heron's instead of being put with Mrs. Bunker's mail, though they were sent in care of Mrs. B. There is no danger of the mail getting lost in this way, however, for all know how precious letters are, and would take care that they reached their destination. The burning of Piedmont was a serious affair. What will Mrs. Lindsay do? As to the money coming to me from the land, please do with it as I say. Have been looking forward to spring when I should have money enough saved to send some home. But if you will take half of this and give Ma half it will save me the trouble of getting a check till later. I want you both to take it and use it as you need, and if you don't write to me that you have done so, I shall proceed to take steps toward securing a check or some such process which makes sending money home quite a little trouble. So if you will please save me this trouble for the present [1] will be much obliged. I shall certainly do as I say. Would like to feel that in any emergency you had a little extra money. If you have no use for it at present save it for such a time.

I enclose some Chinese pictures. As you see I have written the children's names on them except two. Those are for yourself and Maria. Please don't get into trouble over them. If there seems to be a choice, the one who gives up to the other may have the pretty red paper band. Am impatient for a letter from you giving me some account of your school work, how you and the other members of the P.K. school faculty get on in your work together, etc.

December 29<sup>th</sup>

Saturday evening of Christmas week! I thought much of you Christmas day, and felt sure you and Nellie's family were spending it together. I wondered if Mr. L. were at home. You doubtless had at least one week's holidays. Felt so glad that the children were with Ma as she would be less lonesome. What did you do? Where did you go? What did you .....? Whom did you see? Write everything, even to whom you meet on your way to school. I don't want to forget even the names of the old friends. How is the W.C.T.U. prospering? All the missionaries whom I have met here or in Japan so far as I know are Prohibitionists or Republicans.

My Christmas presents were: a handbag, black satin lined with pink and embroidered in pink with birds, from Mrs. Dr. Heron; a book, *Daily Strength for Daily Needs*, from Miss Dr. Horton; an ink stand, pair of mittens, white crape [sic] handkerchief and box of Sozodont from Mrs. Bunker; and a hand mirror from Mr. Bunker. The mirror is an excellent glass. The Chinese merchant from whom I bought two chairs and two stands - one for my study and one for the school room - sent me a large fruitcake. It is his custom to so treat his customers. As Mr. & Mrs. Bunker had one also from him, we have a supply on hand.

Christmas eve Mr. Underwood invited all the missionaries and some others to his home. We had a pleasant time. Music - organ, banjo, and vocal - and charades were the spice of the evening's entertainment. I had the honor of being escorted to refreshments by Mr. Condo, the Japanese Minister. He talks English, and it is quite interesting to notice his attention to his wife when out among English talking



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people. She don't [sic] talk the language at all. He keeps close by at her side to interpret for her. Quite a number of the Koreans were admitted to places where they might watch the proceedings of the evening. A male quartette, Messrs. Hulbert, Gifford, Bunker and Jones, all whom you have heard me mention, sang several comic songs; among them, "Blow ye Winds", which perhaps you have heard. In it is much weeping, a profusion of handkerchiefs profusely used till a great pile of them accumulates on the floor. Among the audience also is a profuse use of handkerchiefs, but only to stifle uproarious laughter. We can imagine how such a scene would appear to one looking on but unable to understand anything said. The natives were much puzzled and it was quite as difficult for Mr. Underwood to give a satisfactory explanation. It was after twelve before we returned home, so were up rather late Christmas morning. It didn't seem just like Christmas to have no one around shouting "Christmas gift." Only we three persons in the house. Our presents were arranged on the breakfast table. I gave Mrs. B. a water bottle and glass.

The M.E.s [Methodists, known as Methodist Episcopal] are setting up a press for the purpose of printing in the native language. Chongee, the eldest of my two girls, can read in her own language and I am having her read Mark, the only part of the Bible now in print.

Some child in the house just over our southwest wall was taken with smallpox a few days ago. As is the custom when one is taken with that disease, a great crowd gathered and spent the night in beating what sounded to us like tin pans in order to drive away the evil spirit. We three peeped over the wall. The yard was lighted up and they were apparently having a picnic. The prospect for a night's sleep was not very flattering especially to me as my room is in the southwest part of the house. But by bedtime the noise became monotonous and I found no trouble whatever. The next night the same thing was repeated a few doors below our gate. It is an exception if a native lives to be of age without having smallpox. I believe only two foreigners have ever been known to have it here.

Can you send me some pansy seeds real soon? Would like so much to have some early. The Lily of the Valley grows wild here. At Mrs. [Bertha] Ohlinger's [Methodist missionary printer's wife] I saw a collection of music which I think you would like. It is the "Franklin Square", published in five parts, each 50 cents. No. 2 consists of a large number of the familiar and popular songs, both sacred and secular. Most of No. 5 were new to me. I received Flavia's picture by last mail. Please send my letter to her & Florence.

Wish you more than a "Happy New Year"

Lovingly,  
Mary

(from letter of Mary Heydon [later Gifford] to her sister, the original of which is held in the archives of Park University, Parkville, Missouri. Photo-copy is in the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers, Princeton Theological Seminary archives)



